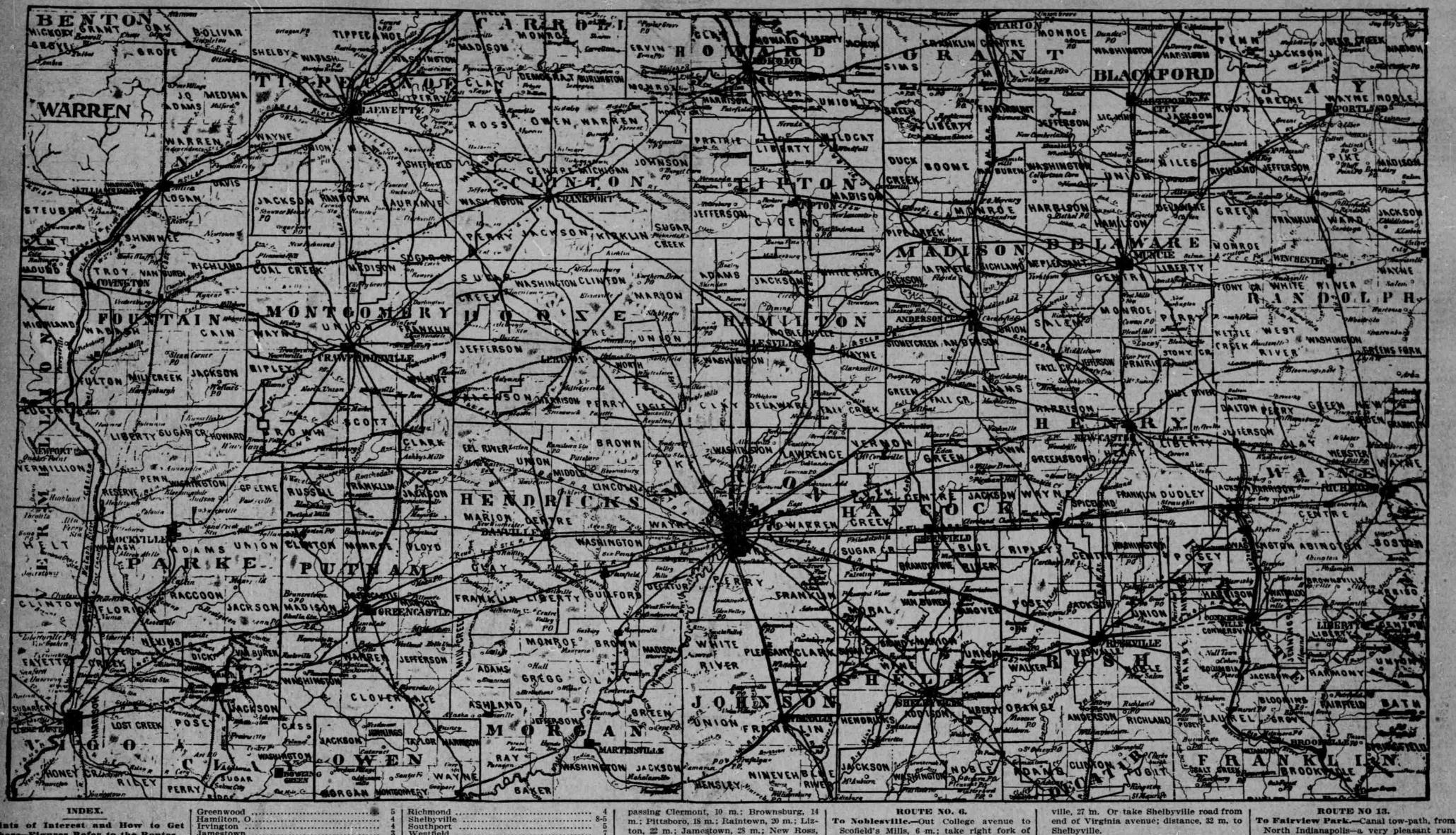
BICYCLE MAP OF CENTRAL INDIANA.



Points of Interest and How to Get Phere-Figures Refer to the Routes.

************** ROUTE NO. 1. To Anderson.-Massachusetts avenue to Pendleton pike, through Brightwood, 4 m.; Lawrence, 9 m.; Oakland, 15 m.; McCords-

ville, 17 m.; Fortville, 22 m.; Pendleton, 28 m.; Anderson, 36 m. ROUTE NO. 2. To Broad Ripple.-All roads lead to this famous summer resort. The most popular route is up the canal bank, but the most direct is out Central avenue to canal, and turn to the right. Distance, 8 m.

ROUTE NO. 3. To Crawfordsville .- Out Indiana avenue to Fall creek bridge; take first road to left; cross river and keep straight ahead,

ton, 22 m.; Jamestown, 28 m.; New Ross, 33 m.; Mace, 38 m.; and Crawfordsville,

ROUTE NO. 4.

To Richmond.-Over the old National

road, East Washington street, passing Irvington, 5 m.; Cumberland, 10 m.; Phila-delphia, 17 m.; Greenfield, 21 m.; Knightstown, 34 m.; Cambridge, 53 m.; Richmond, 68 m. A good road to Eaton, Dayton, Hamilton and Cincinnati, O. ROUTE NO. 5.

To Franklin .- South on Meridian to Madison avenue, south on Madison avenue to Madison road, direct to Franklin, passing Southport, 7 m.; Greenwood, 11 m.; Whiteland, 16 m.; Franklin, 21 m. For Shelbyville, 16 m., turn east at Franklin.

Scofield's Mills, 6 m.; take right fork of road; pass Allisonville, 15 m.; Nobles-

ville, 22 m. ROUTE NO. 7. To Westfield .- Out Illinois or Central avenue to canal bank, turn to right for Broad Ripple, 8 m.; turn to left, through river bridge at Broad Ripple, passing Carmel, 16 m.; Westfield, 20 m. Turn to right for Noblesville, 6 m.; turn to left for Lebanon, 18 m.; good roads both ways.

ROUTE NO. 8. To Shelbyville .- Out East Washington street to Michigan road; pass New Bethel, 9 m. (for Acton, 2 m. off the road, turn to right at brick school house 2 m. past Bethel); for Shelbyville, keep on Michigan road, past Pleasant View, 15 m.; ShelbyShelbyville.

To Plainfield.-Out West Washington street, passing Mount Jackson, 4 m.; Bridgeport, 9 m.; Plainfield, 14 m. Turn to left at Plainfield for Mooresville, 7 m. ROUTE NO. 10.

To Rushville.-Out East Washington street; turn to right at first road beyond Belt railroad, 2 m.; pass Palestine, 15 m.; Morristown, 20 m.; Rushville, 39 m. ROUTE NO. 11.

To Danville.-Out West Washington street past Mount Jackson, to first road; to right on this road, a fine run; distance, ROUTE NO. 12.

Fried chicken for supper every day; telephone connection with eating house; a favorite place for supper runs, ROUTE NO. 15.

To Mooresville.-Out Kentucky avenue to Maywood; through Maywood, turn to right on first gravel road. Good road; 20 m.

Before starting see that all-taps are tight

Broad Ripple can also be reached by this

ROUTE NO. 14.

To Millersville .- Out College avenue to

end, and turn to right; pass Howland Sta-

tion; keep straight on road; distance, 8 m.

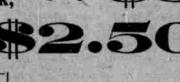
on your wheel and bearings well oiled. Don't forget your tool bag and repair outfit.



We're on the Map

We don't stop at high-grade yarn, and high-grade cloth, and high-grade thread and buttons and button-holes. We put high-grade wearing qualities in our BICYCLE CLOTHING and guarantee it. Here are the figures the facts are that you get your money's worth of goods and more than your money's worth of wear from us. . . .

Pants, separate . . \$2.50



BICYCLE BELTS

Cotton 15c and 20c Worsted 25c and 35c Silk 50c and 75c Leather ... 25c, 50c and 75c

BICYCLE GLOVES 500

BICYCLE HOSE 990 to 41



Sweaters

Men's Extra Heavy Cotton Fancy colors 50c Double Cotton . 69c and 75c All-Wool, all colors. . \$1.50 Fine Worsted, regu-

ADIES' SWEATERS And BLOUSE WAISTS.

Wheel Riders, All Roads Lead to . .

MR. SCOTT AND HIS WHEEL.

An Electrician Who Rides to Crawfordsville Every Saturday.

William Scott, an electrician employed by one of the telegraph companies, ,s an exwaselman besides being an adept with the telegraph key. When out looking after the lines of his company he utilizes his and always carries a pocket telephic instrument. Mr. Scott lives at rawfordsville and rides over home every aturday afternoon. Last Saturday he set as for his usual trip, but ten miles this de of Crawfordsville punctured his pneusific tire. It was impossible to go on

and he detested the thought of remaining at a farm house over Sunday. Finally he bethought him of his pocket ticker. In ten minutes he had cut the wire, formed a circuit and was sending a dispatch to his mother. Mrs. Scott received the message and drove out after her son.

Some of the Old-Timers. Among the old-time, hardy road riders of the city were Ed Eads, Frank Staley, Lew Keck, Bert Willits, Fred Ribble, Gene Minor, Tom Hay, Eilis Hunter, George Dickson, Will Prey, Louis Crow, Julius Pasquire, A. D. Johnson, L. M. Wainwright and C. S. Smith. These are some of the old-timers, who were followed by another generation equally as fond of the sport of cycling and many more in numbers.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL

HE FORGOT TO MENTION BLOOMERS IN THE ANTE-NUPTIAL CONTRACT.

So She Wore Them and They Had a Spat-Bloor ers Vic-

They were having their first quarrel. Six nonths before he had wooed her from a College-avenue home. Until to-night they had lived in the delirium of a new-found bliss. No one had dared intrude upon their honeymoon that seemed to their friends interminable. Now all was changed. The

blevele fad had done its work. "You are unkind, cruel, unreasonable," she exclaimed. The proud face flashed forth deflance in every line. Then with a smothered cry of grief and shame she flung herself at full length upon the sofa. The beautiful golden head buried itself in the silken cushions. The ivory shoulders moved convulsively. He towered above her, stern and unbending.

"You-you-promised-you said when we were married that you would not speak an unkind word to me," she continued with smothered convulsive sobs.

"Ah, that was a rash promise," he cried bitterly, at the same time grinding his teeth, "I didn't bargain for anything of this kind. I didn't think that my wife would be the first woman on the street to take up with this idiocy." He was in a beastly humor. Something in his tone aroused the lioness in her nature. "Oh, didn't you," she snapped, springing p. "I wonder that you did not have the minister insert in our marriage ceremony that I was not to ride a bicycle. I'm aston-ished that you didn't make me promise at the marriage altar that I would never wear bloomers. I'm afraid you have been lax in your duty, my lord." She was mad now. She was almost violent with rage and her tapering fingers trembled and quivered until their jeweled ornaments sparkled and ghittered like frost under the moraing sur. He heard her wrathful utterances without an interruption. He was thinking.
"You are facetious," he said with maddening coolness, "You are a brute," she retorted. This time she stood up and faced him. seemed taller, but he was too angered to

"You insist on making yourself ridicu-"I insist on wearing bloomers." "You are stubborn."
"You are an imbecile."
"Thank you."
"Ugh, idiot."

"Ugh, idiot."
"I wonder you married me."
"It was my mother's fault."
"She ought to be arrested for fraud."
"I think she's in the house, why don't you call the police."
"Bah, this is nonsense."
"You began it."
"Once for all, do you insist on wearing those abominations?"
"I insist on wearing my bloomers."
"Not as my wife."

"Not as my wife."
"Ha, you frighten me."
"Madam-I-"
"Don't madam me, sir."
"I shall sue for divorce."
"You'll save me the trouble."
"Then I'll not do it." 'Fudge!"

"Oh, O—O—O."
In forty-five minutes they were both over the squall and she was speeding down the College-avenue brick, wearing the bloomers.

First Local Bicycle Agent.

The few persons who rode bicycles ten or twelve years ago no doubt remember

the small repair shop kept by C. S. Smith,

on South Illinois street, across from the Grand Hotel. Mr. Smith was the first bicycle agent in the city and he conducted a repair shop in connection with his store. The room which he occupied was very small, but it is pertinent to remark that Mr. Smith is now president of the Indiana Bicycle Company.

FIRST LONG DISTANCE RECORD.

It Was Made on the Old Lafayette and Crawfordsville Pike.

Six years ago the name of Tilghman G. Whittaker was a familiar one to every Indiana bicyclist. For several years Whittaker claimed the world's championship as a long-distance rider. He was a slender young fellow of English birth, splendidly endowed with muscle and vitality. Whittaker came to America from England and took up his residence in Boston about the time this country was in the first throes of the bicycle fever. The little safety wheel was then an unknown invention, and Whittaker made his first big ride on an old-fashioned Champion. Later he became identified with the Victor people, who manufactured his favorite wheel. As an advertising medium Whittaker was a success. As a long-distance rider he carried off the world's record at the old Lafayette and Crawfordsville race course, which at that time was considered the finest bicycle track in the country. The road was an ordinary turnpike leading from Crawfordsville to Lafayette, a distance of twenty-eight miles. It was smooth and hard, and the wheelman had almost a straight stretch before him. Whittaker's firm heard of the famous thoroughfare and sent the English rider out to Indiana to race against time. Whittaker made a phenomenal run, but was laid up for a week afterward. A year later he dropped from fame by marrying a Boston heiress, and with his bride sailed for England. Nothing has been heard of him for several years. Being a rider of the old school, it is presumed that he has relegated his old-fashioned wheel to the past and given up the sport. manufactured his favorite wheel. As an

THE INDIANAPOLIS CLUB.

It Succeeds the Zigzag-Capital Stock of \$5,000.

The Indianapolis Bicycle Club has arisen from the ashes of the defunct Zigzag Club. The new club wears the small clothing and occupies the same house as did the old, but there has been some renovating, for the new club has been launched on a sound business basis. The capital stock of the Indianapolis club is \$5,000, with the shares at \$10 each. The club already has a good membership, but there are a number of the shares still for sale. The projectors of the new club are those business men who were interested in the Zigzag Club. They are acquainted with the difficulties which drove the old club to the rocks, and these difficulties will be avoided. The clubhouse on North Delaware street is now open, notwithstanding the final organization has not taken place. There are parlors, a reading room, a game room and a billiard and pool room. At present the club has no pool table, but it is the intention to purchase one. Gambling, drinking and swearing are not allowed in the building. In the reading room will be feund magazines and bicycle papers. There is a piano in the parlor. The club is expecting to have a road race this spring, probably on Decoration day. The annual State meet of the L. A. W. will probably be conducted under the auspices of the club. were interested in the Zigzag Club. They

Good Time on a High Wheel. One of the best runs made by the riders of the old high wheels was a century made in 1888 by Ellis Hunter and Tom Hay. They rode fifty-pound wheels and covered the distance from here to Cambridge City and return in nine hours and twenty-eight minutes.

TWO POPULAR NEAR-BY RUNS. Millersville and Broad Ripple as Wheelmen's Destination.

Two of the most popular near-by runs for bicyclists are to Millersville and Broad Ripple. Either place is near enough to make pleasant evening trips after business hours, and at both places good suppers can be secured. Millersville has long been a favorite spot with 'cyclists, partly on account of the good road, which is one of the finest leading from the city, and partly because of the nicely-browned fried chicken which will await any party that telephones in advance and orders a supper. It is one of the few places near the city where chicken is cooked as "mother used to cook it on the farm," and this fact is fully recognized by the hundreds of wheelmen who take advantage of it. The road is one of the best. From the end of the brick pavement on College avenue it is a broad gravel roadway with fine footpaths on either side, and runs through as pretty a section of the country as may be found in several hours' ride from the city. Up the valley of Fall creek, with few twists and turns, the road runs until within sight of the little hamlet of Millersville. A large iron bridge spans

of Millersville. A large iron bridge spans the creek.

The end of this trip is usually the most delightful, if the riders happen to be a young couple with a love for romance and romantic-looking spots. The large farmhouse which serves the purpose of a hotel, and right well, too, sits upon a hill a hundred yards or so from the road, and is reached by passing between two rows of cedars which almost entirely shut out the rays of sunlight from the broad walk. Scattered over the broad lawn are many rustic seats, and from a limb of a large forest tree is a swing, just large enough for two.

mer but may be seen parties in twos or fours, and sometimes a dozen or more, on fours, and sometimes a dozen or more, on the road to this favorite spot. Going and coming they line the roadway. To vary the trip somewhat, and at the same time not miss one of the important parts of this run—fried chicken like "mother used to cook it on the farm"—other than the College-avenue route may be selected. It is a very nice trip to go out Meridian street to Thirtieth and then go past the fair grounds and follow the Noblesville road a piece until a cross run is reached which passes through Millersville.

Those wishing to go a little further, but

Those wishing to go a little further, but yet not so far that the trip could not easily be made after business hours, take the trip to Broad Ripple. This place is too well known to need any description. The road is good all the way and there is a choice of good all the way and there is a choice of several routes, varying in length from ten to fifteen miles. This is the favorite run of the Lawyers' Club. Most of the members of this club have passed the age of sentimentalities, and take their trips merely for the exercise after being confined to their offices all day, and find that the distance to Broad Ripple is just about right for the purpose. The trip can easily be made in three hours, giving an hour at the Ripple. This time is not what scorchers would consider good time on the road, but men who make the trip purely for the exercise find it fast enough.

They Don't Wear Out Streets. If everybody gets to riding bicycles, and it now appears that way, there will be little wear upon the streets, and an asphalt pavement may be expected to last a century.

Rev. Mr. Knox Makes Calls a-Wheel, Rev. George Knox, pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, is a cyclist, and all of his pastoral calls are made on a bicycle.

Theatrical People on Wheels. Nearly every member of the Nat Goodwin company has wheels and they take them with them on their trips through the country. The wheels are taken to some of the many stores for storage, cleaning,

olling and repairs. Rides are taken into the suburbs for long distances. The Lili-putians attracted much attention when they were here, the little people being seen on the streets at all hours.

To Acton .- See Route 8.

LOVE ON WHEELS. Love, bound with pneumatic tires, will surely run smooth. Two ardent hearts and two improved bicycles may defy fate and proverbs, thought Robert and Eva as they went spinning along the asphalt road early one morning last week. Their quarrels had been altogether upon this very subject, but now were considered to be done with forever. Robert was an enthusiastic wheelman long before he knew Eva. He had fearlessly mounted the primitive velocipede; he had perched bravely aloft on the first sky-scraping bicycle, but, as he said, he had never known real bliss until borne along as on eagle's wings by the modern light-weight "safety." At this Eva had pouted. And what girl would not have done so? He should have said he had never known bliss until he became engaged to her, Eva Horton, of course. But Robert was very dull in these little matters. He had no tact, no diplomacy. He could not remedy a blunder, and he let occasions for pretty speeches slip by with a carelessness that must have been somewhat provoking to a girl who had been brought up on them, in a manner. One might, though, suppose Eva to be surfeited with praise by this time. As a child her mother's friends, and even strangers, were constantly saying in her presence that she was "too sweet and pretty for anything." Her school days had been passed in a cloud of flattering incense. "If I had dimples like Eva, I should be too happy for anything!" "If I only had Eva's complexion!" "Oh, for curls like hers!" were the remarks she had heard on every side by envious companions. Since she reached her fifteenth birthday, lovers had sighed at her feet and had worn ragged their Byrons hunting felicitous expressions descriptive of "starry eyes, Grecian nose, rosy mouth and pearly teeth." To all these Eva had listened with pleasure and little premonitory thrills. Eva. He had fearlessly mounted the primragged their Byrons hunting felicitous expressions descriptive of "starry eyes, Grecian nose, rosy mouth and pearly teeth." To all these Eva had listened with pleasure and little premonitory thrills, when, standing in the hall doorway one Friday morning vigorously shaking a dusting cloth, along came the true knight. He looked at her, she looked at him, twang, went Cupid's bow and two more hearts dangled dizzily from the love god's belt. Robert said it was all owing to the "safety," for had he not owned it he would never have been in that neighborhood. Eva said it was owing to the dusting cloth; had it not needed shaking she would not have seen him as he passed, and over this they disputed and were rapturously happy after the customary fashion of lovers since the world began. Neither of these two knew anything about being shy of "entrance to a quarrel," but fashion of lovers since the world began. Neither of these two knew anything about being shy of "entrance to a quarrel," but Robert, at least, always tried to "bear it that the opposed might beware of him." Not so, Eva. She wished to be overthrown in argument. She would have despised Robert could she have convinced him on any point. The more obstinate he was the more she admired him, and so she pretended to be jealous of his wheel, purposely inveigling him into contention. She insisted he thought more of it than he did of her, and that if he was forced to choose between them, it was easy to see where the choice would lie. Whereupon Robert made one of his characteristic remarks:

"Why, you know, Eva, I could not get along without my wheel I—" But he was not allowed to continue. "Oh, and you could get along without me! Very well, go and try it!"

And, with her head very high, she started from the room. Robert sprang after her.

"I did not mean that. I meant I could not walk to the factory."

"There are street cars," she said.

"Yes, that stop five blocks away."

"You might have a horse and cart."

"I can't afford it. Come, dear, do not be so very unreasonable. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"But I like quarreling with you; it is so nice to make up."

Which conclusion, if not logical, has the merit of being purely feminine, and as such Robert regarded and rewarded it. Then he said. "I can tell you. Eva, how we may effectually settle these small squabbles."

"How."

"You get a wheel, too."

get a wheel, too." after many objections had been

made, for instance, she knew she could never learn to ride, her neck was sure to be broken, she had no costume, she hated to get tanned and it was so very undiginfied, when all this had been talked over, point by point, and satisfactorily disposed of, a wheel was rented. It was astonishing how quickly she learned and how extremely pretty she looked despite the knickerbockers and mannish hat. It was a handsome and contented couple that rode every morning over the smooth streets, and had it not been for the cruel Nemesis of human felicity this love on wheels might have gone on like the poet's brook. But what is exempt from the shears of fate?

Surely the sky was never so blue as on the certain morning before mentioned. Surely the grass was never so green. Birds

ly the grass was never so green, twittered and chirped as they darted intent on the summer's camp. You could almost see the leaves unfold. You could almost hear the flowers pushing their way through the willing ground. Robert looked at his watch.

at his watch.

"It is only a little past 7, Eva, let us try a run into the country."

"I'm afraid to go off the asphait."

"You do not mean to ride on these hot and dusty pavements all summer, do you? I expect we shall go out of town every day and you might as well begin. So come "Please go back, Robert; this is hor-"You must learn to manage on rough roads and look where you are going. Any-tiody would fall over a bowlder like that."
"But it is so bumpy all along here."
"We shall come to a turn pretty soon
where it is smoother." It was a sorry turn and Eva found her-self in a fence corner. Robert was very

"Are you hurt, dear?"

"Yes, and my feelings are hurt. You laughed, you know you did.

"Indeed, I did not."

"You did, too, and I shall never ride with you again, now there."

"On yes, you will. You will ride home with me to-day and to-morrow we shall try this same road again. You will do famously next time."

"You would jots rather go by yourself famously next time."
"You would lots rather go by yourself anyway. You have to poke along when I am with you and you always said you liked to ride fast."
"But I am a philosopher. Eva. I say to myself. 'Robert, my boy, a fellow can't have everything. If you persist in chasing after a girl you must put up with the loss of something else."
"You have to argue yourself in content-

"You have to argue yourself in content-ment! Indeed! Well, you shall not be obliged to do that in the future. You shall not say I deprive you of the pleasure of solitude. Just go off on your old wheel-miles—and stay there." miles—and stay there."
"My dear Eva, I'll be at your house early in the morning with a box of candy.

early in the morning with a box of candy. Will that cure the bruises? Come, give me one kiss and smile once more."

But the twinkle had not gone out of his eyes and Eva. seeing it, was hardened.

"You treat me like a baby, Robert Terry, I'll not be made fun of and then coaxed with candy."

"The candy always worked before, what is the matter? All right, here goes for a dignified speech. Miss Horton, may I beip you to mount? And, please, may I ride beside you if I promise to look neither to the right nor to the left? I promise not to laugh. I promise to look serious as a Quaker."

And so they started solemnly for home. Eva did not fall again, but somehow the charm had vanished from the earth. The sky was no longer blue, the sun wax hidden, the trees looked dull and deed, the birds were silent. Robert glanced at her.

"You are not really angry, Eva?"

"It has been a mistake all along, Robert. You were happier before you knew me. Here is your ring."

"Yes, I do."

And he tried hard not to look relieved.

MAY W. DONNAN.

The Man Who Cusses.

As a general rule the man who has no use for a bicycle, and curses the day it was invented, is the man who has tried to learn to ride and become discouraged in the attempt. After a person has once learned an endless amount of pleasure is obtained in telling those who cannot ride how easy.